

1482
THE

Self-Enamour'd:

OR, THE

Ladies DOCTOR.

A

COMEDY.

As it is now Acting at the

CITY-THEATRE

IN

CAPLE-STREET.

By P. H. M. D.

Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.
HOR.

DUBLIN:

Printed by AUGUSTUS LONG, under *Welsh's* Coffee-
House in *Essex-street*. MDCCL.

THE
Self-Enamoured
OR THE
Ladies Doctor
A
COMEDY.



ACTED AT THE
THEATRE

IN
CHURCH-STREET
BY F. H. M. D.

Printed and Sold at the Theatre

DUBLIN

Printed by J. O'Connell, at the Theatre
House in Church-street.



DEDICATION.

TO THE

LADIES.

FAIR SEX,

MANY pert and groveling Writers have had no other Way to recommend themselves to the rude, and uncivilized Part of Theatrical Audiences, but by frequently exciting a ridiculous, unmanner'd Laugh against you, contrary to the least Shadow of Decency, or Glimmering of Common Sense.

WEAK Avenger in so good a Cause, I have endeavour'd, by Way of Reprizal, to procure you a moral Laugh in the Exhibition of a Character of our Sex, (pretty common in Life, tho', perhaps, new to the Stage, and by which yours is most cavalierly treated) that, when ever fleer'd

at

at by the Self-sufficiency, or besieged by the elegant Nonsense of such dangling Heroes of *Puppy-ism*, you may, as Antidote, hold up the Mirror to them in FLORIDOR, the highest Summit their idle Ambition can hope to reach at,

If the Perusal, or Representation of this Trifle, contribute, in the least, to your Entertainment, I shall think the Time spent in writing it, happily employ'd, and am,

LADIES,

Your most zealously devoted,

obedient, humble Servant,

P. H.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. GIFFARD.

MOST Comicks thro' Obscenity have pleas'd,
By that their Merit, that their Fortune
rais'd,

Hence moral Wits the Theatre declin'd,
As its sole Aim was to corrupt Mankind.
'Twas not the Thing, but the Abuse they scorn'd,
And Virtue's School betray'd to Vice, they
mourn'd.

Warm'd with that Rage each Patriot Breast
shou'd feel,
Indignant rose an ADDISON, and STEELE;
Stemm'd the wild Torrent of a vicious Stage,
And strove, by virtuous Scenes, to mend the Age.

Our Author (trembling at those sacred Names,
Whose Morals charm us, and whose Wit enflames).
Pants, tho' far distant, the same Course to run:
'Tis no Dishonour, when by such outdone.

With honest Pride he bid me this advance,
H'as nought purloin'd from Italy, or France.

b

From

*From Observation ev'ry Line has flown,
The Plot, the Character, the Scene your own.*

*Fear not, ye Matrons, and ye virtuous Maids,
His chaster Muse to no Indecence leads;
Nor need the ready Fan in waiting lie,
To screen your Blush, the Author's Infamy.
To Praise, from higher Views springs his Pre-
tence,
He hopes to please with Character, and Sense.*





Just Publish'd by AUGUSTUS LONG, *Printer*
and Bookseller, under Welsh's Coffee-house in
Essex-street, [Price, stitch'd, 2 s. 2 d.]

The SECOND EDITION of
REFLECTIONS on the STRUCTURE
and PASSIONS of MAN: Under the follow-
ing Heads, viz.

SECT. I. On the STRUCTURE of MAN.

SECT. II. On the PASSIONS.

VANITY,
GLORY,
HONOUR,
NOBILITY,
LEARNING,
WIT,

EMULATION,
CRITICISM,
FRIENDSHIP,
LOVE,
PRIDE,
&c.

SECT. III. The TRANSITORINESS of LIFE;
DEATH; RELIGION, &c.

Nosce te ipsum.

The proper Study of Mankind is MAN. POPE.

By PAUL HIFFERNAN, M. D.



Dramatis Personæ.

FLORIDOR,	<i>Mr. Giffard.</i>
TRUWIT,	<i>Mr. Layfield.</i>
THINKWELL,	<i>Mr. Heaphy.</i>
FLOURISH,	<i>Mr. Mafon.</i>
PENCIL,	<i>Mr. Duncomb.</i>
COSTLY,	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
TOM,	<i>Mr. Pitt.</i>
Page,	<i>Miss Johnson.</i>
CELIA,	<i>Mrs. Bailly.</i>
TOPKNOT,	<i>Mrs. Butler.</i>
<i>Mrs. MOROSE,</i>	<i>Mrs. Layfield.</i>
<i>Miss MOROSE,</i>	<i>Miss Mafon.</i>

SCENE, DUBLIN.

E R R A T A.

Page 21. Line 1. *for* Favour from you, *read*, Favour of you. P. 45. l. 17. *for* Lances, *r.* Lancets. P. *ib.* l. 25. *for* Lances, *r.* Lancets. P. 57. l. 9. *for* Desert, *r.* Dessert. P. 63. l. 38. *for* raises, *r.* raise.



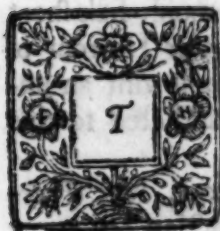
THE
Self-Enamour'd:
OR, THE
Ladies DOCTOR.
A
COMEDY.



ACT I.
SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Truewit, Thinkwell, *and* Tom.

TRUEWIT.



OM, be sure have every Thing ready for your Afternoon Expedition, which perform with your usual Dexterity.

Tom. I'll take care, Sir, not to deceive your good Opinion of me. [*Exit.*

Tru. Dear *Thinkwell*, in remembrance of that excellent Friend, your worthy Father, that you may not only inherit his Estate, but, what is much more valuable, his many good and eminent Qualities, I am resolv'd to become your *Mentor*.

B

Think.

Think. In return, Mr. *Truemit*, you shall find in me a most acknowledging *Telemachus*.

Tru. To fulfil my Design, I intend to give you an instructive View of all the Follies of the Town, and have chosen, for the Object of this Day's Pursuit and Reflection, an odd Kind of Knight-Errantry, whose characteristic Name is that of Fortune-hunter; an Animal hard to define. Its first Care, when fitted out in the gaudiest Dress it can obtain, is to fill its thoughtless Head with a long Catalogue of the Names, and Places of Abode, of rich Maids, and wealthy Widows: An Heiress is the choice Game. Its continual Study is to become Master of all the little beauish Arts, and pretty Officiousness requisite to please the trifling Part of the tender Sex, as they afford Mirth to the judicious Fair.

Think. What an unhappy Turn of Mind!

Tru. Nay, more, in our publick Walks, if a Lady chance to fix her Sight on it, among other Objects obvious to the roving Eye, plump she's in love with it. It swells with aerial Titles, struts a Lord, beds with her Ladyship, signs Receipts for Rents, and oft raises its deluded Foot to mount into the imaginary Chariot. In this Heighth of metaphysical Grandeur, it overlooks its dearest Acquaintance; and should any of them rudely dare to accost it with the familiar Name of *Tom*, or *Jack*, it breaks off affronted from the unmanner'd Brute, and strives to bring its delicate Ears to Tune, by whispering to them the flattering Sound of, My Lord.

Think. Men, who can feed on such fantastic Happiness, may be justly call'd the Cameleons of human Society.

Tru. Even so: — But as Description commonly falls short of Reality, and as nothing impresses a greater Horror of Vice, and Folly, than a living Example, we'll visit an unhappy Youth of my Acquaintance, entirely addicted to this Sort of Phrenzy. His Name is *Floridor*.

Think. I accept the Offer with all my Soul, Mr. *Truemit*, as I take it by way of a genteel Instruction, to know how to avoid the like Distemper.

Tru. The Inamorato, you are to see, deserves as well your Pity, as Contempt. He is one of those easy Tempers,

pers, whose Happiness, or Misery, depends on the Company they link themselves to at their first setting out. He has all the constituent Qualities of a pretty Gentleman, if well apply'd, which, by the Abuse, render him a compleat Coxcomb. His Person is genteel: He has a Tincture of what we call the *Bel-Esprit*, join'd to a good Notion of the Classics; meddles, with tolerable Success, in Poetry, which he makes the Vehicle of all his amorous Pursuits. And, indeed, so bewitch'd is he of late, that he scarce speaks aught but *French* or *Latin* Scraps, Love, and Poetry. He seems somewhat intimidated and reform'd at my Appearance; but all to no Purpose. When I leave him, he is the same Man again: But I have laid a Scheme to force the very Entrenchments of his Folly, and reclaim him, if possible. Come, Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Floridor's Chamber.

Floridor is discover'd sitting in a pensive Posture, his Table cover'd with Plays, Novels, and Love-Letters.

Flor. How like a defeated General am I? With disconsolate Eyes he views the fatal Field, sad Sepulchre of all his smiling Hopes! There, every Thing reminds him of his fall'n Glory. Even so, these scatter'd Copies, of unsuccessful Letters, Poems, Billets-doux, serve but to renew my Pain. [*Rises*] Or the Lady, I have courted, is a most consummate Jilt; my Friend, an arrant Knave;—or my Conduct has been some Way faulty. — But, wherefore be dejected at this Disappointment? since the best laid Schemes may be blasted by the malignant Influence of envious Stars.

As greatest Men unfortunate may prove,
Pompey, Pharsalia lost; — and I, my Love.

Enter Flourish.

Flor. Withdraw — I did not call. I don't want you.

Flour. But I want, Sir.

Flor. What do you want?

B 2

Flour.

Flour. An immediate Discharge from your very witty, but most unprofitable Service.

Flor. Rascal!

Flour. Sir.

Flor. I am in no humour for fooling now.

Flour. Nor I for Starving.

Flor. What wou'd the Fellow be at?

Flour. Means to live, Sir.

Flor. Natural Effect of being too free with our Servants.

Flour. Why, Sir, you forget that nothing but the turning down of the Wheel of that Whore Fortune, cou'd have made me, derogatory from my Parentage, and Education, condescend to be your Servant.

Flor. Impudent Varlet!

Flour. But, as one Misfortune never comes unattended, your late Disappointment has ruin'd us — I have sworn the whole Catalogue of Oaths to your Creditors, that you were to be marry'd last Night to an Heiress, and wou'd this Day pay off all Demands — They are apprized of the Baulk; and roar like hungry Lions. — The whole Cry is after me as I walk the Street — the neighbouring Servants, jealous of my Reputation as a Wit, and triumphing over my thread-bare Apparel, ask, with a Sneer, Master *Flourish*, is that the Wedding Suit your Master has given you. — As I pass'd along, just now, an impudent Wench said, tittering, to her Companion, Pray, is not that Master *Flourish* a Sweetheart of yours. — He, the ragged Scoundrel, replies the angry Baggage. — 'Sdeath, Sir, Flesh and Blood can't bear what I go thro' for your Sake.

Flor. Patience, Patience.

Flour. Did any one ever chew Patience, digest Patience, or was nourish'd by Patience?

Flor. It is bad with you, it seems.

Flour. Bad Sir! it can't be worse; for besides perishing within, the Elements most unmercifully pelt me without. — Sir, I have Things to say would melt a Heart of Stone.

[Weeps.]

Flor. Cease your exaggerated Stuff; — here — I know what you would be at.

Flour.

Flour. (*aside*) Half a Guinea : — This will serve to pay the Parson who is to marry me To-night.

Flour. Flourish.

Flour. Sir.

Flour. Look out; is not that Mrs. *Topknot*, my chief Creditor?

Flour. The identical she.

Flour. Shall I see her?

Flour. By all Means — for it wou'd make Things have a worse Aspect, shou'd you be deny'd; and she has a Tongue wou'd alarm the Neighbourhood. — I'll withdraw; she knows not that I live with you; and, 'twixt her and me, there is a Secret in the mysterious Womb of Time. — So—I have wound him up, and got what I wanted. — Thus Ministers of State are oft led by their Servants, when Men of Capacity, and Parts, as I am. [Exit.

[Knocking at the Door.

Flour. Who's there?

Topk. A Friend.

Flour. Come in.

Enter *Topknot*.

Flour. Good Morrow, my dear Milliner, I must kiss you, though I can't pay you the Bill I desired you to bring. My little Frigate that strove, this Fortnight past, to double the *Cape of Good-Hope*, has unfortunately split on the Rock of Disappointment. You must arm yourself with a little Christian Patience, 'till the Wind blows favourable from my Friends in the Country.

Topk. I assure you, Sir, you quite mistake my Business. How capricious is Destiny? that some People shou'd be happy, and know nothing of it. It will soon be in your Power to pay all your Debts, and lend Hundreds to wanting Friends.

Flour. What can't thou mean by these mysterious Words?

Topk. That you are a happy Man, and do not know it.

Flour. How so, sweet Soul; let me know it, I conjure you.

Topk. And shall I? but I won't now. — — —

Flor. Egad if you don't, I'll stifle you with Kisses.

Topk. O Lord, Sir, you have so squeezed me, the Secret must out. Well then, as I was this Morning at a young Lady's, whom I have the good Fortune to be employ'd by, she order'd I should be call'd up to her Chamber, where I had no sooner enter'd, and curtsy'd, but — ah! Mrs. *Topknot*, said she, in a languishing Tone, then sunk on a Sopha, I, last Night, at the *New Gardens*, saw your Brother, and, with him, a most lovely Youth.

Flor. By all the Gods, 'twas I.

Topk. I know it was; why do you interrupt me?

Flor. Go on, my dear *Topknot*; go on.

Topk. After a long Pause, repeated Sighs, and Blushes, she, in a kind of Rapture, said, 'Heavens, what a pleasing Carriage! genteel Shape! bewitching Mien! Sure Flowers spring where e'er he treads.

He stands a Hero, and he moves a God!

Flor. He stands a Hero, and he moves a God!

Charming! Excellent! Dear Goddeffs, I embrace thee in Idea for the pretty Expression. — But said you aught to her in my Behalf?

Topk. Yes, yes; for, finding that I knew you, she made a strict Enquiry about your Family, Fortune, and Profession. I answer'd, that you were well-born, a Gentleman of a pretty Estate in the Country, and that you are come up to Town, to inform yourself of the fundamental Laws of the Kingdom, by way of Amusement, and to be of Service to your Country in Parliament; but not in any view of making it a Livelyhood.

Flor. I must own you have spoken somewhat to the Purpose; but, upon my Soul, you might have said a great deal more, without wronging your Judgment, straining Truth, or adding, in the least, to my real Merit. But what Reply did she make? Dear *Topknot*, can I see her?

Topk. Hold, sweet Sir, not so fast; don't think she is like your soft ignorant Country Ladies, who, taken with the first gaudy Butterfly they see, pack up their all, run to the next obliging Parson, and marry in a hurry, to repent all their Lives: No, no; she is a young Lady of a sounder
Way

Way of Thinking. As she is an Heiress, and Mistress of fifteen thousand Pounds, good Money, as any in the Kingdom, she is resolved never to be lured into Matrimony by a glittering Outside, 'till she know the inside Furniture; and, therefore, desires, e'er you see her, to have a Specimen of your Wit, and Sense, in a Letter, which, if equal to the Beauty of your Person, she thinks you all divine, declares you to be the Object of her Love, and destined Lord.

Flor. If she be thereabout, I believe we can touch her Fancy. I always carry about me a Collection of Letters, ready written, and adapted to all Female Occurrences; so, I shall give you no longer Delay than to write the Superscription, and seal it.

Topk. (*aside*) Now, while I lend my Aid to Mr. *Truewit*, if I can bring my double Plot to bear, 'twill be doing Business, indeed. But Time will shew all.

Flor. Dear *Topknot*, here is the Letter; haste, and prosper.

[*Exit Topknot.*]

Now for a Roast on *Flourish*. — Within there — *Flourish*.

Enter Flourish.

Flor. Do you want me, Sir?

Flor. Yes; to give you an immediate Discharge from my very witty, but most unprofitable Service.

Flor. What the Devil can this mean? (*aside*) Has your Creditor, Mrs. *Topknot*, brought Things so tragically low, that you are no longer able to keep me; or are you jocularly turning the Tables on your humble Servant?

Flor. I have learn'd from Mrs. *Topknot*, whom, as she has made no Demand, I have not the least room to doubt, that I stand well in the Eyes of a young Lady of fifteen thousand Pounds Fortune. — She is gone to her with the Preliminaries.

Flor. And do you think, Sir, I cou'd have the Conscience to abandon you to yourself, and leave you in so critical a Juncture.

Flor. Thank your late insolent Behaviour.

Flor. Lord! Sir, I thought you knew me better. I
was

was only tuning you up a little, to touch, Sir, to touch. I was only making Use of the celebrated Practice of some of our eminent Coffee-house Smarts; an Art, Sir, usurp'd, by them, from us Gentlemen of the Cloth, and known by the Name of *Hum-bugging*,

Flor. You must leave me.

Flour. I neither can, nor will.

Flor. No!

Flour. No! — After I have weather'd out the Storm with you, do you think I will ungratefully quit you in the Calm. — My Soul, too noble for my Station, abhors such ungenerous Proceeding.

Flor. These fifteen thousand Pounds have begot, in you, a sudden Tide of Affection for me.

Flour. Damn Money, Sir; you know I always despised it; and that there is an invincible Antipathy subsisting betwixt it and me.

Flor. Well, *Flourish*, fifteen thousand Pounds?

Flour. Ay, Master, fifteen thousand Pounds!

Flor. Have they not fifteen thousand Graces?

Flour. Fifteen Million.

Flor. What will become of thee, my poor Fellow?

Flour. Seeing, Sir, you are shortly to triumph in a first Rate of Fortune, I must inform you, that I am plying about a small Pinnace, in which I'll sail Attendance after you. — Thus (by way of Comparison,) two Rivers, the one having got the Start of the other, as you of me, Sir, still flow, and, flowing, keep their Distance.

Flor. Why, *Flourish*, you are witty.

Flour. How can I be otherwise, Sir, having had the Honour of being so long your Servant.

Flor. Spare me, good Mr. *Flourish*.

Flour. Why, Sir, I say, and am ready to swear, that there are not, in *Europe*, such a Master and Man, as your Honour, and my Unworthiness.

Flor. But who come yonder?

Flour. Mr. *Truewit*, and a young Gentleman I have never seen before. Shall I admit them, Sir?

Flor. By all Means; and get my neatest Suit ready for me to dress in against *Topknot's* Return.

Flour.

Flour. Yes, Sir: But I must beg one Favour from you; which is, that you indulge my Absence from you this Afternoon, and be attended by your Page — as I am to visit this Evening, and, perhaps, wed my Flame.

Flour. Agreed.

Flour. Ah, Master! — Sweet fifteen thousand Pounds.

[*Exit.*

Flour. If any Thing could add to the Joy of getting this considerable Fortune, it is that of stopping *Truewit's* unmerciful Tongue, who, apprized of my late Disappointment, now comes to disgorge his Stomach with a whole Hour's Railing.

Enter Truewit, and Thinkwell.

Tru. So, *Floridor* —

Flour. So, *Truewit.* — I believe a fifteen thousand Pound Man may speak as laconic as another. [Aside.

Tru. Why, you are in high Spirits, it seems. I thought to find you somewhat dejected, after what has happen'd.

Flour. That is just your Mistake, Sir.

Tru. I suppose then you have sprung some new Game.

Flour. Good Sportsmen never want Game.

Tru. Come, let us drop the Argument. Here is a young Gentleman I wou'd introduce to you.

Flour. A *nouveau arrive*, I suppose, Mr. *Truewit.* Sir, your most —

Think. Sir, nothing cou'd so essentially add to the many Obligations I am under to Mr. *Truewit*, as the singular Favour of introducing me to a Gentleman of so shining Parts, and eminent a Character.

Flour. Hum; a pretty fellow, faith; and fit for Preferment. Mr. *Truewit*, with your Leave, I wou'd speak aside with this Gentleman. — Sir, you have all the Requisites to make a Fortune; but you are in damn'd bad Company, upon my Soul. You are with a Man who talks of nothing but Study, Sense, Learning, good Conduct, regular Life, and many other Absurdities. — Why, Sir, wou'd you believe that I have offer'd to get him a Wife with

with four hundred a Year, which he stoically refused. He is a very weak Man, that's beyond all Doubt. What I say is not out of Malice; no, damn me, if it be. Sir, as I study the Interest of Mankind, but, particularly, that of all young Gentlemen of Merit, if you have your Welfare at Heart, and will but follow the Plan of Life I'll lay down to you, who, save Heaven, can tell to what a Height your Fortune may rise. — Now, by the by, what wou'd you think of a pretty young Lady for Bed-fellow, with a Trifle of ten thousand Pounds, or so?

Thinkw. Sir, I think nothing at all about it. When I have served an Apprenticeship to good Sense, and Study, that I may, thereby, become a worthy Member of Society, then I may, perhaps, think of setting up for myself.

Flor. (aside) If so philosophically bent already, I give you over to Poverty and Rags, and rank you both in the Number of Incurables. — A couple of sad Dogs, as I live. — Gentlemen, excuse me for a Moment, I'll only step out to dispatch a Porter with a Letter of Consequence; so,
Sans Adieu. [Exit Floridor.]

Truew. A most lucky Hit! no truer Glass to pry into a Man's Character, than his Library.

Thinkw. Come, let us run it over.

[*They open his Book-Case, in which are discover'd all the famous Romances; the Top adorn'd with a painted Cupid, flaming Hearts, &c.*]

Truew. What a Heap of Rubbish is here! his Book-Case, a just Image of his Head, is full of Romance, and Cobweb. — His Brain is as much Worm-eaten by Folly, as his Books by their native Vermin.

Thinkw. *Cassandra, Pharamond, Cleopatra*, and all the other voluminous, and formidable Devourers of the Ladies Time.

Truew. And seductive Soft'ners of their rigid Virtue. But hark! he comes.

Re-enter Floridor.

Flor. Nay, Gentlemen, I pray, you may'nt baulk your Fancy.

Fancy. There is nothing in that Collection, but what, I think, are Proofs of a most exquisite Taste. — But you have not seen all; you have seen but the brute Quarry. I carry the polish'd Diamond in my Pocket. An Epitome of all that's witty and florid, and entirely of my own begetting: A Rhapsody of Love-letters, adapted to all Female States, from *four score and nine, exclusive*, down to *thirteen, inclusive*. — Sirs, if you wou'd but honour me with a Moment's Patience, I'll read you two or three, to give you a faint Idea of the whole.

Truew. and *Thinkw.* Sir, we are all Attention.

Flor. (*Opening his Letter-Case*) Gentlemen, the first that offers itself is to a beautiful young Lady, just fit for Preferment, the Thoughts are couch'd in *English* Iambics, alias blank Verse.

If, at your Rise, so charming you appear,
What mayn't we hope from your Meridian Height?
In a sweet Contrast to your jetty Locks,
Your Forehead white as Alabaster shews.
Beneath the fringed Shade of well-turn'd Brows,
Two radiant Suns shoot forth attractive Rays:
Your ruby Lips, and sweetly blushing Cheeks,
Are like the Morning Rose, the Dew just fall'n.
Your nice ranged Teeth outshine the Silver Stars:
But, on your Breast, two snowy Orbs are placed,
Which, *Jove* would quit his azure Heav'n, to touch:
With such a soft Subsiliency they rise,
My panting Heart beats Measure as they move.

Does it not warm you, dear Rogues?

Your nether Limbs, in every Part compleat,
Strongly express the Symmetry of Art.
Heav'n's darling Master-piece from Head to Foot,
You're more than Man can think, or I can utter.

Truew. [*Aside to Thinkw.*] What an apt Speech for a Hero to his Heroine, in one of our qualmish Love-Tragedies. How is a clear Conception, and florid Imagination, here turn'd to nothing, which, if conducted in the right Path,

Path, wou'd render their Possessor amiable, to all learn'd and thinking Men.

Flor. Now these selfish Fellows, swallow my Excellence behind my Back, and affect not to shew me the least Mark of Approbation. What an ill-natured World do we live in?

As nought tormenteth Owls, like hated Light;
Nought, envious Mortals plagues, like sprightly Wit,
When from another Hand.

But, I'll be even with them. I am resolv'd to murder them with Beauties. Come, Gentlemen, now for the following, which, tho' in a different Style, has its Merit, as well as the foregoing.

To a Widow, in poetic Prose.

Why thus indulge perpetual Grief. We are made to enjoy the living, not to weep the dead. Bright *Sol*, a while, for *Phaeton* lamented, withdrew his Rays, and plunged the World in Darkness, and in Fears. But, won by *Jode*, to save despairing Mankind, willing resumed the Chariot of the Sun. If, by your mourning Weeds, you think to abate your Charms, you but enhance their Lustre. Athwart the sable Veil, your Beauties shew, like *Phæbus* beaming thro' a vernal Cloud.

There's Paint, there's Imagery; there's a Line worth all my Brother Poets Works.

— Like *Phæbus* beaming thro' a vernal Cloud!

Think. to *True.* That a Man can be so ingeniously ridiculous!

Flor. How they fret! 'tis Poison and Daggers to them.
'Spite, by the Gods, proud Spite and burning Envy.'

But, if their Taciturnity proceed from Incapacity, why shou'd I be any more angry at their not perceiving my Beauties, than with a Man born blind, because he has no Idea of Colours. —
But

But I'll give them a finishing Blow. Now, Gentlemen, for a Specimen of my Wit in Miniature.

To an obdurate Fair, in the soft Lilliputian.

Do you mark the Beauty of *soft*, opposed to *obdurate*; that's what we call in *Greek*, *Antithesis*.

Truew. and Think. We conceive you, Sir.

Flor. Well, now for it.

My Dear, my Dove,
My Heart, my Love,
While thus you fly,
I die — — I die.
Wild with Despair,
I rend my Hair,

True. Your Pardon Sir, I think you wear a Wig.

Flor. I wish you wore a Head. — Wear a Wig, Sir? — Is it then possible that a Gentleman, of your Years, can be so ignorant of what we Men of Wit call Poetical Licence?

True. I cry you Mercy, Sir.

Flor. For God's Sake, Sir, no more Interruptions. You have so confounded me, I must begin again. -- Hem, hem.

My Dear, my Dove,
My Heart, my Love,
While thus you fly,
I die — — I die.
Wild with Despair,
I rend my Hair.
I'm Mad, I rave,
I'll dig a Grave.
Ah! change your Mind,
Be not unkind,
Nor rack with Woe
Your Lover, O!

True. There is no bearing against this Spring-Tide of elegant Impertinence.

Think. Let's yield to the Torrent, and away.

[Exeunt laughing.]

Flor. *[looking after them.]* Why, do you think I can't laugh as well as you, Ha, ha, ha! — Now, I'm a Fool, a Blockhead, an ugly Fellow: The Ladies don't like me. How good Things are lost on some Men! God help them, poor Creatures! how limited is the Sphere of their Understanding!

Thus, at us Wits, wou'd laugh each silly Gull;
But, 'tis no Fault of mine, if they are Dull. *[Exit.]*



ACT



ACT II.

SCENE, Floridor's Chamber.

Enter Floridor.

FLORIDOR.

NOW I am dress'd, and ready to obey a Summons from the Court of Love. But, here comes my better Genius, Mrs. *Topknot*. She is a Woman of fine Parts, and has had an Education superior to her present State.

Enter Topknot.

Topk. In your Behalf, Sir, Things go merrily. When I deliver'd your Letter to the young Lady, she view'd the Superscription with a Kind of Admiration, her Eyes swimming in Joy. So great was her Extasy, she trembled as she open'd it. She kiss'd every Line. She sigh'd, and read, and vow'd, there is not a Letter of your Name, but what has Charms to melt a Woman's Eyes.

Flor. Very pretty, Egad; that's taken from *Statira* in *Alexander*, aptly, elegantly, apply'd. A Woman of Taste for my Money; not one of your home-spun, household, drudging Things, who smell so strong of the Kitchen, and Pantry, that, if a Gentleman come near them, he must have himself perfumed, ere he can venture into polite Company again. But, for me, a Lady that delights in Plays and Romances, and, when I come home, can give me an exact Account of all she has read, and, with a pretty silver, lisping Accent, recreate my auditory Nerves; or,

lost in visionary Scenes, sit lolling in a Grove to the sweet Musick of a purling Stream. — But, if I appear,

She greets with Smiles, and beckons with a Nod,
To me, her love'd, her dear, approaching God.

Now turns she from me, as I'd snatch a Kiss,
Impatient for the more transporting Bliss.

Rapture'd, I curl me to her yielding Charms,
Like feather'd *Jove* in beauteous *Leda's* Arms.

[*Embracing Topknot.*

Topk. Lord, Sir, I am not the young Lady; you squeeze me to death.

Flor. Excuse me, dear *Topknot*, 'tis the Effect of a warm Imagination.

Topk. Warm, indeed. — Ah! you pretty Gentlemen, you have the prevailing Knack to gain fond Woman's Heart.

Flor. Why, as you say, I do possess the pleasing Faculty. Has she sent an Answer to my Letter?

Topk. O! Sir, she knows better Things than to trust her Reputation in the Hands of a Person she has never had the Pleasure to converse with. But what is better, you are to meet her at Five this Evening, near the Ring, where she'll walk disguised in an old Green Silk Gown; the Significant Mark, whereby you are to accost her, is, she'll favour you with a Smile and Curt'sy.

Flor. Fly, my dear Advocate, and let her know, I'll punctually be there. — Go, my good Angel, go. (*Kisses her.*

[*Exit Topknot.*

Gods! what Pleasure can equal that of having an Assignment from the Lips of a young Lady.

Dear magic Sounds that wou'd revive the Dead! —
Meet me this Evening near the Ring — at Five! — I go,
I go, I go. [*Exit.*

SCENE, a View of the Ring.

Enter Truewit, and Thinkwell.

True. Now we approach the Ring.

Think. The Situation is delightful.

True.

True. How beautiful is yon spreading Plain, richly checker'd with a gay Variety of rural Seats, skirted by *Wicklow's* lofty Hills, and enliven'd by a Prospect of our great Metropolis!

Think. Thrice happy Land! were its Inhabitants convinced of their own Happiness, and wou'd encourage those elegant Entertainments, prepared by native Hands, they hunt after abroad with parricide Expence.

True. Behold the generous Monument of that great Man, of whom, in glorious Opposition to *Swift's* famed Line,

I hate the Viceroy, but I love the Man,

was unanimously said,

We, thro' the Man, the Viceroy love:

Think. What Heart but gladdens at the laurell'd Name of STANHOPE; revered in War, and on *Parnassus* loved, and now rules here, the favourite Effluence of the best of Kings.

True. But, lo! yonder comes *Floridor*. Shou'd he see us, 'twill mar what he is upon: We can safely lie hid among these Trees, and be Spectators of the whole.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Floridor, his Page following him.

Flor. Verdant Plain, and Trees uniting,
Pleasant Walks the Eye delighting,
Allure the Lover's wand'ring Sight,
And cheer his Heart with calm Delight.
Hark! how the Warblers in the Grove,
Inspire my willing Soul to Love.

But, apropos. Let me see how stands the Symmetry of my Features [*Draws out a Pocket Glass.*] This commodious Kind of epitomized Mirrour, may be justly call'd the *Beau's*

Pocket-Companion, or itinerant Counsellor of the Graces: [*Views himself in several Attitudes*] Go, go, you disagreeable, shocking Rogue — I can't endure you. — She'll not dissolve at Sight of you, like dewy Mists before the rising Sun: — No, not she. — My present romantic Situation invites me to make a poetical Allusion to one of *Ovid's* Fables.

Thus, the fame'd *Cephalus*, in shady Grove,
He by the Chace, I led by ardent Love,
To the sweet Murmur of the Water's Fall,
In soft Complainings, did for *Aura* call.
So I, fond *Strephon*, in this lovely Shade,
Seek an unknown — but not ærial Maid!

Prettily imagin'd, and as beautifully hit off. Well, Poetry is the Soul of Intrigue. My Friends flatter me greatly, or, in some Things, I equal *Pope*. — And, in the amorous Way, few can match me, that's pos. — *A la Decouverte*, Boy — See, can you make a green Flag sailing this Way?

Page. No, Sir.

Flor. Come hither. — How do I look, Sirrah?

Page. Like young *Adonis* in the Picture, Sir.

Flor. Well answer'd, Puppy. — Did the Ladies eye me as I came out of Town?

Page. O! most wickedly, Sir.

Flor. Dear enamour'd Wretches! Wou'd, from my Soul, I cou'd make them all happy: But, that's impossible; unless, by dividing, I cou'd multiply my Existence. — So true it is, my dear *Floridor*, were all the Fibres of this precious Body spun out into so many Men, each Individual wou'd be run away with by a Woman of Quality. [*Looks anxiously around.*] What, no green Goddess, no *Diana* yet appears. Get you home to the Lodgings, and prepare every Thing for my Return. [*Exit Page.*]

Flor. solus. Some unexpected Tea-drinking Company, or Party at Piquet detains her.

Enter

Enter Pencil.

Flor. Dear Mr. *Pencil*, thou excellent in the Art of Painting, how is it?

Penc. Exceeding well, Sir: — But, when shall I call to your Lodgings to finish your Picture? or, rather, when will you be in a right Humour? The last Time you sat I was obliged to break off abruptly, you fell into so sudden a Melancholy. To have drawn you in that pensive and dejected Haviour of Visage, wou'd put you in Abhorrence with yourself ever after.

Flor. True it is. — At that Time my Face had not what the *French* call, *Un air tout a fait degagé*. Sir, I was then ruminating on an Epitaph for a certain Nobleman lately deceased. His Lady requested; I cou'd not refuse. And, in sincere Truth, *entre nous*, my View, in complying, was, by praising the departed Husband, to gain the Widow's Affections. And, you very well know, that nothing dejects a pretty Face more than Thoughts on Death, and Tomb-stones. Besides, *Horace* says, to treat any Subject with Success, we shou'd conform ourselves entirely to it.

*Pingit enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum.*

But, were there a young agreeable Female present, she might keep me abstracted from Thought, and thereby render me more corresponding to your Pencil, and Colours.

Penc. What wou'd you think of Miss *Ramble*?

Flor. None better, egad. — She has lively Sallies of Wit, which, with her dimpled Cheek, pleasing Simper, and alternate Motion of her Fan, may create a smiling Countenance in me, and, if possible, for some Moments, keep me in an uninterrupted Harmony of Soul and Body.

Penc. When shall I appoint her to come?

Flor. This Evening, without fail. — As it is the last Time of going over, wou'd it were done, that I may send
it

it To-morrow to a Lady of Distinction, that, when absent, it may keep alive in her the Idea of my — not ugly Person.

Penc. I'll go directly.

Flor. I must also beg the Favour of you to speak to some top Coachmaker of your Acquaintance, to come to mē. I am to be marry'd, you Dog, to a Fortune. And, ye Gods! what is a Man without a Coach.

Dear gilded Palace, in which Beauty rides
With Velvet Dome, and half transparent Sides!

Penc. I can dispatch that Commission in my way to Miss Ramble's. [Exit Pencil.]

[A Lady mask'd, in a green Gown, appears at a distance, and advances.]

Flor. But what new Object strikes my Eye? is it not the Queen of all my Hopes? By every Circumstance 'tis she. — The Mask, unmention'd by Mrs. Topknot, is an amorous Device to hear me speak ere she confess her Love. — If so, up Heart, and reconnoitre the Enemy. [*Walks affectedly by her.*] I believe my Person's not displeasing to her Eye; and, as for Wit, that's mine by Excellence. — Gods! how stedfastly she looks at me, and as she looks, the delicious Poison drinks. — But what delays the signal Smile, and Curt'sy? The natural Timidity of the Sex. Reluctant Modesty whets our Appetite, and sues for gentle Force — as Hero of the Piece, 'tis mine to begin. — Why, beauteous Maid, condemn to monstrous Night yon Hemisphere of Love? cruel Eclipse! thrice happy Mask to embrace that Face, for which the Gods would strive. — Ha! she sighs already. [*Aside*] *Victoria!* another Volley, and the Prize is mine. [*Kneels*] Bright Goddess, deign to cast your Eyes down on a suppliant Swain, whose total Happiness depends on you. Here will I dwell on this soft snowy Hand, and through it breathe my Soul, that it may whisper unto thine, the Pangs I feel, surpassing far what tragic Authors

thors paint. — O! let me hear the enchanting Music of your Tongue, and bask me in your mid-day Sun of Charms. O! haste, unshade the sparkling Windows of your Mind,

That I may see myself in your fair Eyes,
In borrow'd, and contracted Beauty, rise.

Well, without Vanity, thou art the Tongue of Tongues. [*Aside*] [*Rises*] What, not a Word? Inhuman Obstinacy! — or is it rather an approving Silence to invite me on? It must be so. — What Virgin Bashfulness seems to refuse, by tender Violence to seize, *Cupid* commands, and *Venus* smiles Consent. — Bright Deities, I obey your Will. [*After a Struggle, Floridor pulls the Mask off, and looks at Tom with a mix'd Air of Astonishment and Indignation.*] Hell, Fire, and Brimstone, *Truewit's* Man! [*draws his Sword.*] Rascal, Villain, this Moment is thy last.

Tom. Help, Ho, Murder, Murder!

Enter Truewit, and Thinkwell, their Swords drawn.

True. Stop thy heroic Wrath, good *Floridor*.

Think. What, would'st make a Tragi-Comedy, Love, and Revenge?

Flor. Thunder and Amazement! *Truewit, Thinkwell!* their Presence to me, at this Juncture, is as welcome as their last Morning's Dawn, to Criminals condemn'd to die.

True. To draw you from your present Astonishment, learn the Explication of this Riddle. As I have greatly at Heart the Instruction of *Thinkwell*, to give him a just Abhorrence for the Inamorato Set, and to procure us, at the same Time, a diverting Scene, I order'd my Man *Tom* to disguise himself in this Apparel, to allure some of the roving Gang. — You have his Maidenhead, Sir; and, from my Soul, I thank you for the Comic Rencontre. — *Floridor, Floridor*, this shou'd ope thy Eyes. [*Exeunt laughing.*]

Tom. Will you look at yourself, in my Eyes, Sir?

[*Runs off.*]

Flor. Audacious Puppy! — Was ever so much Eloquence laid out to so little Purpose? Now, who, in the Devil's Name, cou'd have foreseen so unnatural an Incident? but we Lovers are born for uncommon Adventures. — What, in the Name of Wonder, can be meant by the real Lady's not coming? Sure, if any Accident had happen'd, *Topknot* wou'd have been here ere now, to let me know it. — But, here she comes.

Enter Topknot.

Topk. O Lord! Sir, I am scared out of my Wits to see a naked Sword. There is no Blood spill'd, I hope.

Flor. No, 'tis nothing but an impudent Rascal who has made free with me. But I have so chastized his Temerity with an egregious kicking, and repeated Strokes on the Back with my Sword, that, I'm sure, he'll never hazard the like Impertinence again. — But to our Affair.

Topk. O God! Sir, I'm but a poor weak Woman, and, from my Infancy, my Heart has always been in a fluttering Fit, whenever I have seen any Gentleman's Weapon drawn. Pray, put it in, sweet Sir. [*Floridor sheaths his Sword*] In regard to the young Lady, a most unlucky Incident has happen'd: The Moment she intended to sally out, to her Affignation, a Set of her Acquaintance popp'd in on her, said they came to drink Tea, and after, to have the Favour of her Company to the *New Gardens*. To the former Article, Politeness obliged her to consent; but, from the latter, she pray'd to be excused, not being very well, as she insinuated.

Flor. A most unfortunate Affair, indeed.

Topk. I was immediately sent for; she bid me haste hither, and tell you what has happen'd.

Flor. Well, what's to be done?

Topk. Why, the Moment they depart, she is to dispatch one of her Emissaries to me, who am to conduct you secretly, thro' a back Door, to her Presence, where *Tete a Tete*.

Tete you are to consult on the Articles of your future Happiness.

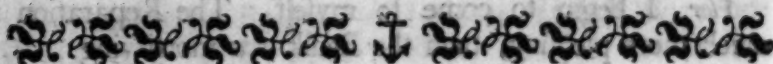
Flor. I begin to come to myself. The Reparation is much more pleasing, than the Baulk was mortifying.

To wait your coming, homeward I repair,
Then out again, to seek my flying Fair.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



A C T III.

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Truewit, and Tom.

TRUEWIT.

TOM, thou hast play'd thy Part excellently well.

Tom. Play, I say, in the Devil's Name. I was never so frightn'd in all my Life. Feel, Sir, my Heart, even now, jumps like a Trout. Since I have got safe from this Bout of Gallantry, may I be damn'd if ever I be-petticoat myself again.

True. That some Under-scheme, I am not apprized of, is on Foot, I am thoroughly convinced, by the busy Alacrity which appears in *Floridor's* Countenance. He is so elated with whatever it is, that he could scarce afford me a half Salute as he quitted *Topknot*. In parting, they seem'd mutually satisfy'd with each other, and she, industriously shunn'd me. Wou'd, from my Soul, I cou'd know what they are upon! My Mind misgives me strongly. — *Tom*, fly to *Thinkwell's* Lodgings, and leave Word for him to meet me at *Lucas's* Coffee-house; whither come for your Instructions.

Tom. No Petticoat Expedition, I hope, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Floridor's Lodgings.*

Flor. No blooming Bride with more Impatience pants for the Bridegroom's wish'd Approach, than I for the Return of *Topknot*. — Perhaps, my poor enamour'd Lady is now consulting in what Manner she shall receive me. Whether with the Pomp of Dress surprize, or soften me in a studied

Deshabille,

Deshabille, negligently lolling in a great Chair. Her Bosom half unveil'd. — Now, perhaps, turns she over some favourite Romance, to cull out a choice Phrase for our Meeting. But how happy soever it may be, I am sure my Poetic Compliment will surpass it: — What a lucky Dog am I? — The very eldest born of Fortune. At my Birth, the Stars shone with unusual Brightness. To celebrate my Arrival into the World, *Sol*, *Tellus*, and *Luna*, danced the Hayes. Happy is that Part of the Atmosphere that clips me round. — Ha, ha, ha! — where is *Truemit* now, with his dry Jest? How they'll all turn on himself. He'll certainly die with Envy. But, God forgive him, for I do, from the Bottom of my Heart. This Night will I write to acquaint my Friends in the Country of my Success, and beg their Votes for me, against the next Vacancy in Parliament.

Enter Topknot.

Art thou then come, my better Genius, to guide me to my Paradise of Love? Say, is the Coast clear? By what happy Signal are you to gain Admittance, and conduct me privately to my Lady's Chamber? Speak, speak, good *Topknot*, and ease my longing Soul.

Topk. Come, follow me. — No Words. — All your Prudence is requisite.

For. Never fear; I am Discretion's Self.

Topk. As we proceed, I'll give you such Directions, that you can't miss the Back-Door, which is to lie half open for your secret Admittance. I must on a little before, to prepare her for your Reception.

Flor. By all means — beat the Alarm Drum, and let her know, the ugly, the stupid *Floridor* is coming. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Street.

Topknot, and *Floridor*, cross the Stage, at some Distance from each other.

Topk. Pray Heaven my Plot may succeed.

[*Exit.*
Flor.]

D

Flor. O! how I pant to see my fair one's Charms!
Time lend your Wings to wait me to her Arms.

[*Exit.*

Enter Tom after them.

Tom. So, there they go; warm is the Scent: Limbs bear me after them; then let my natural Sagacity, to discover an Intrigue, fail me, if it can. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Justice Morose's Antichamber.*

Enter Floridor.

Flor. Hey day! an empty Room; no body to receive me. What the Devil can this mean? — O, ho! 'tis to give me a Longing, I suppose. — Very well. — But, soft. — I hear Female Voices in the next Room. — They have told her, to be sure, that I am come. She, sweet Soul, is in a sad taking. — In what a hurly burly is her poor little fluttering Heart! — how is it alternately rais'd, and depress'd, by flattering Hope, and discouraging Fear! — I must have Patience 'till the recruit Strength enough to be able to withstand me. — How the Silks rustle! — Slap go the Drawers. — Ay, ay, my Dear, choose the neatest Gown; put on all the Artillery of Beauty — but don't keep me too long, for I shall grow angry, and be revenged on you, by going away. — The Door opens. — She comes.

Enter Miss Morose.

Heavens! what an angelic Form! Beauty has Charms, and I have Eyes.

Miss Mor. O Lord! a Beau in the Room! Pray, Sir, how came you in?

Flor. Through the Door, Miss.

Miss Mor. What, did you find it open, Sir?

Flor.

Flor. Yes, Miss; and according to your Directions, I suppose.

Miss Mor. Hum — gay Impudence is the Lace of Gallantry. But what do you want, Sir?

Flor. I want you, Miss. No, I mistake, you want me.

Miss Mor. How! want, Sir, what I never knew?

Flor. Upon my Soul, a Girl of Spirit, and plays her Part well. — You don't know me — you have never seen me at the *New Gardens* — you detest me. — *Topknot* is not there within to see how you carry the Joke on. Go, you comical Mortal.

Miss Mor. Upon my Word, Sir, you rave. You would soon be cured of this Fit, were you truly sensible of the Place you are in.

Flor. Why, what can terrify me, Miss, when Love cries on. T' obey that God's Command, I'd plunge to the bottom of the Sea, take the Moon by the Nose. I'd —

Miss Mor. Bravo, my little *Haspur*. Now to answer you in your own Style: You are in the Dominions of that watchful Dragon, Justice *Morose*; I am his golden Fleece, which he hinders all adventuring Knights, like you, to approach.

Flor. [*Aside*] His only Child, a twenty thousand Pounder! By to you, *Topknot*, and your poor fifteen thousand. How have I stumbled on good Fortune! — I can dispose of the other to some Friend.

Miss Mor. Well, but, for Heaven's Sake, Sir, be brief, and sincerely tell what has brought you into this Place of Danger?

Flor. My irresistible Passion for you, Miss. Have you not seen me often at Church, expiring at the Glances of those dear Eyes? Judge of the Violence of my Passion, by the Danger of this Enterprize. — To be surprized in the Enjoyment of my present Happiness, will ruin me; but, to have been longer deprived of it, was to die.

Miss Mor. [*Aside*] What an agreeable Creature — Pray Heaven, this prove not a Dream! — I, Sir, cou'd I but believe you?

Flor. What say you, Miss? — Cou'd you but believe me!

me! Oh, Miss, not to believe me, is to do, [*lowering his Voice, and turning away from her*] perhaps, the wisest Thing you ever did in your Life. — Cruel! — not believe me, said you? — Cou'd you but imagine the twentieth Part of what I have suffer'd, in expectation of this happy Moment, you wou'd pity and compassionate my Pains. — Permit me, fair One, in recompence of Years of Pain, to taste the fragrant Dew from these soft, pouting, coral Lips.

[*Kisses her.*]

Miss Mor. Cease, Sir, this enchanting Talk. Thus you, fine Gentlemen, draw poor Ladies Hearts, then slight an easy Conquest.

Flor. Alas! you know me not. By Heaven, my Love for you, shall prove as constant as the Needle to the Pole.

Miss Mor. [*Aside*] Then am I blest indeed, since my cruel Papa never suffers a Courtier to come near me.

Flor. [*Aside*] I have her, by *Jupiter*! O! what a Treasure's here! Youth, Beauty, Wit, and Money! I absolve my Stars — but so good a Bargain cries aloud for Earnest. — O! thou fair Abridgement of all that is valuable in thy Sex, let us enjoy this fortunate Interview, and, by tasting all the Joys of Love, insure us to each other's Arms, beyond the Power of ill-natured Friends.

Miss Mor. Oh! Sir. — He pours upon me, like a Torrent. [*Aside.*]

Flor. sings. Why so shy, my pretty Maid?
What you want, I come to give:
When Lovers die, 'tis then they live;
Why so shy, my pretty Maid?

Miss Mor. Cease your Singing, sweet Nightingale, or you'll alarm the Family. — O Lord! I hear my Mama coming. — I am ruin'd, and you in the greatest Danger, if you do not invent some plausible Pretext for our being together. — Sure, Sir, you'll not expose me to the Ills you have caused.

Flor. No, rather die a thousand Deaths. — I am at my Wits End. — Think you on any Scheme — I'll execute —

Miss Mor.

Miss Mor. A happy Thought — Doctor *Chronic*, the famous Physician from *London*, is to be here To-day, for the first Time — if you wou'd assume his Character?

Flor. A glorious Hint — I know, and can personate the Man — Let me prepare myself.

Miss Mor. Pray Heaven, this may succeed! — To your Cue, Sir; here she is.

Flor. All powerful Impudence inspire your constant Votary in this critical Juncture.

Enter Mrs. Morose.

Mrs. Mor. What agreeable Gentleman is this you have got with you, Daughter? Can it be Doctor *Chronic*?

Flor. The very Individual He, Madam.

Mrs. Mor. I ask Pardon, Sir; but what made me doubt, was my having overheard you sing, join'd to the Gaiety of your Drefs.

Flor. No Offence, Madam. — That is our Method Abroad. There, our Merit consists not as here, in a clownish Drefs, and supercilious Appearance: We are the Soul of polite Conversation, and go under the synonymous Terms, of Joy-givers, and Health-restorers.

Mrs. Mor. Charm'd with your Reputation, Sir, I spoke to my Husband, to wait on, and pray you to come hither, and advise what I shall do, to be deliver'd from a lingering Disorder, I have consulted most of our Physicians on, to no Purpose.

Flor. To no Purpose, I believe, Madam. — Poor Humdrums, they follow the old Dog-trot Way. I have conversed with most of them. One half does not know how to salute a Christian — the other scarce understands *Latin*. — Such Things! such Animals! If *Hippocrates* were to come to Life again, I don't know three among them, he wou'd suffer to saddle his Horse.

Mrs. Mor. You are facetiously satyric on the grave Fraternity, Sir.

Flor. [*Aside*] The old Gentlewoman seems not to dislike me. As for the young Lady, she is irrecoverably mine. —

D 3

Well,

Well, 'tis an unspeakable Happiness to be a pretty Fellow.

Mrs. Mor. I suppose, Sir, you have brought some new Remedies from abroad.

Flor. All new, Madam. I wou'd be sorry to cure a Head-ach in the old Way.

Mrs. Mor. Pray, Sir, what occasions those Changes in an Art of so much Consequence to human Kind.

Flor. The new Modes, Madam, that are as frequent in Physic, as in any Thing else; of all which, phantastic *Theory* is the fruitful Parent.

Mrs. Mor. What Pleasure to converse with a learn'd Man!

Flor. During my Study, I had the Ladies always in View, as my utmost Ambition was to be entitled, *The Ladies Doctor*. For their Sakes, I have learn'd to compose whatever Remedies I order, that they may never be expos'd to purchase Health, at the Price of a nauseous Draught from a rascally Apothecary.

Mrs. Mor. The Ladies are extremely obliged to you, Sir.

Flor. I have also, on their Account, learn'd to let Blood. For what more shocking, than to see a Lady's delicate Arm profaned by the rude Manipulation of our vulgar surgical Pandours. — I have seen some of those Fellows stroke a Lady's white azure-tinctured Skin, in as rough a manner, as a Groom does a four-footed Animal.

Mrs. Mor. A most happy Discovery! I intended to send, even now, for our Surgeon to bleed me; but will give the Preference to your more elegant Performance.

Flor. How have I entangled myself by my own impertinent Talk? [*Aside*] — Bleed, Madam?

Mrs. Mor. Yes, Sir, if you will do me that Favour.

Flor. By all Means, Madam. But do you find yourself troubled with violent Head-aches, a feverish Pulse, and all other Symptoms that indicate, and beat in every Artery for a bleeding.

Mrs. Mor. O! most insupportably, Sir.

Flor. I am very sorry for it. — Why then, Madam, we must come to a bleeding. — But are you prepared?

Mrs. Mor.

Mrs. Mor. Prepared for a bleeding, Sir!

Flor. Yes, Madam; nothing shou'd be done without due Preparation. Hence, the present Practice of Cathartics before we bathe in Summer: Though the wisest of our Forefathers took no other Precaution but to go in cool, with an empty Stomach. But I am resolv'd to improve the Hint, and convince the Authors thereof, that the same preparatory Evacuation is as requisite before we ride, tho' for our Diversion.

Mrs. Mor. Before we ride, Sir?

Flor. Yes, Madam. Follow my Reasoning — The Food, we take, enters in at our Mouth, to thence undergo proper Elaborations for the Support of Life. The expressive vital Labyrinth, through which it is healthfully protruded, receives divers Denominations from its various Configuration. Now, Madam, suppose me on Horseback, these low Regions not previously clear'd of faculent Incumbrances — The conquassatory Succussion of my Body, alias *Microcosm*, caused by the undulatory Motion of the Quadrupede, vulgarly call'd Horse, excites an inverted Rotation of the alimentary Substance in the intestinal Canal, which exhaling an acid Vapour into the Stomach, vitiates Concoction, adulterates Digestion, then by the *Consensus Partium*, affects the Brain, twitches the Nerves, intoxicates the animal Spirits, and so the poor Creature sickens. — Do you conceive me, Madam?

Mrs. Mor. Yes, yes, Sir.

Flor. Thus Doctors, of my Rank, explain most Disorders.

Mrs. Mor. Well, 'tis half a Cure to have to do with a Gentleman who can tell us what our Disorder is.

Flor. How she swallows it? — I shall get off with flying Colours, I see. [*aside.*] Now, Madam, to return to you. Have you lately taken any Medicine?

Mrs. Mor. Yesterday, Sir.

Flor. Death and the Devil! will no Door open for an honourable Retreat? — But, Madam, what was it you took? for, on that chiefly depends the Merit of the Preparation, as some Cathartics are diametrically opposite to bleeding.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mor. Senna, Sir.

Flor. Senna, Madam! Senna! the very greatest Foe to our Indication. — It is of an enflaming Nature. It so irritates our Solids, stimulates the Heart, accelerates and rarefies the Blood, that, were an Orifice open'd, though never so small, it wou'd be beyond the Power of Compress, or Stypticks, to stop the impetuous Torrent: You should have taken Manna, Manna, Madam, sweet Medicine! which so justly deserves the Epithet of cœlestial: Its balsamic, oily Parts sweeten the Acrimony of our Humours, comfort the Stomach, mitigate the Heart, give a placid Motion to our Fluids, and make our Blood, when invited abroad by the Lance, bound out in a gentle, gentle, Manner. —

Mrs. Mor. On recollection, Sir, I think it was Manna; was it not, Daughter?

Miss Mor. Yes, Madam.

Flor. Fortune fights against me. [*aside.*] You shou'd have deny'd it, Miss.

Miss Mor. O Lord! Sir, the Word slipp'd from me, I cou'd bite my Tongue.

Mrs. Mor. Since every Thing is, luckily, in order, Daughter, call the Maid with all Requisites for the Operation.

[*In the Interval that Miss goes for, and returns with the Maid, Mrs. Morose prepares herself at the Table.*]

Flor. [*Aside.*] When *Iphigenia* was on the Point of being immolated, *Diana* legerdemain'd her away, and slipp'd a *Deer* in her Place. Wou'd to Heaven, some Surgeon were here in my stead!

Mrs. Mor. I am ready, Sir.

Flor. I wait on you, Madam.

[*He makes the Ligature below the Elbow.*]

Mrs. Mor. O Lord, Sir! what's the Reason you tie below the Elbow?

Flor. What a stupid Blunder this! — but I'll brazen it out. [*aside.*] I know others tie above, founded on very wrong Doctrine, to wit, to stop the Blood 'twixt that and the Hand, not remembering that the nitrous Particles with which

which the Air is impregnated, steal in at our Fingers Ends, and, creeping upwards, coagulate the already interrupted Stream. Hence the frequent Repugnance of the Blood's starting out at the Wound. But, by tying thus below the Elbow, we hinder all Access to frigorific Heterogenities. So, the upper Column of Blood enjoying its natural Heat and Fluidity, jets out, when call'd upon, with the greatest Alacrity.

Mrs. Mor. I am glad to know the Reason. It seems quite satisfactory.

Flor. [*aside to Miss.*] I have but one Throw more of the Dye, and, if that don't succeed, Lord have Mercy on me!

[*He strokes her Arm in a polite ceremonious Manner, then searches his Pockets.*]

By Apollo, God of our Art, and the great Temple of *Æsculapius*, I have left my Case of Lances at Lord *Plethoric's*, whom I phlebotomized this Morning: If they have otherwise deviated from my Pocket, the Loss is irreparable; they are of *Spanish* Temper, made at *Toledo*, and given to me by his Catholick Majesty's first Surgeon, and Physician ordinary, Don *Lancetto de Bandagibus*, who has travell'd through all the Villages from *Leipsick* to *Venice*, is Batchelor of *Padua*, Graduate of *Alcantara*, and associated to the very learn'd Body of *Salamanca*. These Lances, Madam, are endow'd with the surprizing Faculty of causing a most agreeably imperceptible Solution of the human Fibres.

Mrs. Mor. What can this mean? Were it not for his Language, I should suspect an Imposture.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Justice has dispatch'd me home with this Note. [*Mrs. Morose opens and reads.*]

Flor. My Genius whispers me, that yon Billet is my Death-Warrant. [*Looks wishfully at the Window.*] O for a Whirlwind's Aid, to snatch me hence, and drop me in the midst of yonder Crowd. — But why despond? — 'tis not in the Nature of Things that the old Gentlewoman, or any of her Sex, can be cruel to a Man of my Figure.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mor. whispers the Maid, who goes out.] This clears my Doubts. So, Sir, you are Doctor Chronic?

Flor. Yes, Madam.

Miss Mor. I am in an Ague Fit for what the sweet young Gentleman is likely to suffer for me.

Mrs. Mor. Listen, Varlet, and be confounded.

Flor. That's laconic, Madam.

Mrs. Mor. reads. ' My Dear, Doctor Chronic, and I, are gone to take a Turn in the Park. Expect us home to Supper.' Well, what can you say for yourself, but that you are a most impudent Rascal?

Flor. As impudent as you please, but no Rascal; no, thank my Stars. — A Rascal, Madam, O fy, fy!

Mrs. Mor. The Fellow triumphs in his Insolence, and Villainy. — So, Miss, you pretend, with that grave Look of yours, not to know this Sharper.

Miss Mor. Upon my Honour, Madam, no more than you.

Mrs. Mor. He is not the Instrument of some Intrigue of your's? or, perhaps, the Object of your Inclinations? — In, young Lady; proper Care shall be taken of you; 'till we know the Bottom of this Affair.

Flor. But where the Devil will all this end? — Has Mama a Mind to engross me to herself? it will not do.

Mrs. Mor. Are the Servants there?

Enter a Servant:

Serv. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Mor. Let them keep strict Watch before the Door: For here I intend to lock up this Vagabond in-Lace 'till the Justice return.

Flor. Madam!

Mrs. Mor. We'll make you the Ladies Doctor; but you shall first take your Degrees in Bridewell. *[Exit.]*

Flor. Your Servant, my dear Floridor. — You have brought yourself into a fine Noose: How untie this Gordian Knot? — O Head! Head! to have so foolishly mistaken your Directions, and, like the Dog of the Fable, let slip real Happiness, by catching at a Shadow. But what cuts me

me to the Soul, is, to think how my disappointed Lady frets at my not appearing. — I hear her scream, I see her faint — Cut, cut her Lace, or I'm undone. — Wretches stand off, and give her Air. — Wou'd she were placed within the Sphere of my vivifying Presence! — But, zounds, I hear somebody coming — If I am taken into Custody I am ruin'd ; for I am not well with the Justices. — Curses on them all for not leading single Lives. How can I be loved by any Man that has a Wife, or Daughter! — Dear Invention! hit on something to draw me from this Dilemma. — It is resolv'd — It must be so. — A Lover's Leap from the Window. — Who cou'd imagine that Things shou'd ever come to this Extremity, that *Floridor*

On the rude Stones his precious Weight must throw!
O Love! 'tis thou do'st all that's great below.



ACT



A C T IV.

SCENE, Floridor's Chamber.

Enter Flourish, dress'd in a Suit of his Master's Cloaths, and practises before a Glass.

FLOURISH.

NOW that I have disguised my Brows, uncased the Rascal, and indorsed the Gentleman, 'tis meet that I examine my Physiognomy, ere I venture out to attack the Entrenchments of the divine Object of my Passion. — So, — adjust yourself, my Lad — Hum, *Flourish*, you are not that hideous Rogue some jealous Varlets wou'd represent you to be — on with your Hat — off with it — on again, with a smart Cock — very well — project your Breast — retreat a little — now your Hat in your Hand, and the sliding Bow forward, to meet a Friend; as, Sir, your most — your very humble, and all that — now the fall off, or Bow retrograde — you may depend upon it — upon my Honour, and so forth — Bravo, *Flourish*; such smart Impertinence, with a Knack of speaking loud to a Wench, in the Gallery, to the Disturbance of all modest Hearers, is the utmost Merit of many pretty Masters about Town — betwixt whom, and us Gentlemen of the Cloath, there is no essential Difference, but that of their Dress. — My Master, sweet Soul! by many happy Talents, renders his Folly amiable. — What so ridiculous, and insipid, as an Embryo Fop, without the least Grain of Wit, or Humour, to animate his Impertinence, or render it any Way palatable. — But, hey day, Mr. *Flourish*, whither have you got a Moralizing, instead of going to see your Mistress? mal a propos,

propos, indeed — Stay, do I remember the Couplets I have composed for her? in writing which, like our modern Ode Writers, I measured by the Works of the more Ingenious. — Now, suppose her here. — I accost her in a languishing Tone, rapturedly seize her by the Hand, and look my Passion at her thro' my Eyes, the burning Spectacles of Love.

Sings. In your bright Eyes
Such Charms arise,
They do my Heart alarm:
A Laplander,
Or Highlander,
Or Dutchman, they wou'd warm.

If that does not make my Empire agreeable to her, and tune her up to my Desire, may some happier Dog, to her public Shame, wheedle her out of her mistaken Notions of Liberty.
[Exit.]

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Topknot.

Topk. Where the Plague can *Floridor* be? I fear my golden Scheme, in regard to him, will prove abortive; but, as it is good to have an Eye to Business, I'll make sure of my own Spark.
[Exit.]

Enter Floridor.

Flor. Confusion! Racks! Despair! bearing directly to the fortunate Islands, I have lost my Pilot, and know not now, which Way to steer. — But, who comes yonder? methinks I shou'd know that Coat. — Can I believe my Eyes? is it possible? By *Jupiter*, my Rascal *Flourish*. — Ha, ha, ha, tho' melancholy my Situation, I must enjoy the Joke.

Enter Flourish, singing; Floridor, sings up to him; they look earnestly at each other.

Flour. He can never suspect me in this Dress; so I'll see, if, by brazning it, I can't get clear of him.
[Aside.]

E

Flor.

The Self-Enamour'd : or,

Flor. Sir, if I don't mistake, I have the Honour of being known to you.

Flour. Sir, the flattering Happiness quite escapes my Memory.

Flor. I am mightily taken with the Colour of your Coat; I'd be glad to know where I can get some of the same Cloth.

Flour. (*aside*) I am smoked — Get it, Sir? — in *Paris*, Sir.

Flor. In *Paris*?

[*Looks earnestly at him.*]

Flour. Yes, Sir, in *Paris*. Have you any Objections to *Paris*?

Flor. None — but I have to your Impudence. — Why, thou consummate Face of Brass, didst thou think to impose on me with disguised Brows, and an affected Hoarseness of Voice?

Flour. Sir, I was only trying an Experiment, to see if you wou'd know me, thus metamorphosed.

Flor. I confess, one not so intimate with you, as I have the Honour to be, Mr. *Flourish*, might be deceived. But, pray, whence this Familiarity betwixt my Cloaths, and you?

Flour. Sir, Masters, are obliged to cloath their Servants; and, my Livery, not being in the best Order, I have made free with this Suit of yours. Besides, Sir, you ought to sympathetically compassionate my State. I am like yourself, on the Fortune Catch, and steering with Wind, and Tide, to the Arms of my Beloved. — So, Sir, excuse the ardent Call of Love, that makes me thus abruptly quit you — but, be persuaded, Sir, that I now am, and hereafter ever shall be, as heretofore, I have been, your most Obedient, Submissive, and Dutiful Servant, *Jeremy Flourish*, to command. [Exit.]

Flor. Facetious Knave. But, *Topknot*, opportunely comes.

Enter Topknot.

Topk. Where, in the Name of Wonder, have you been?

Flor.

Flor. Why, thro' mistake, I stumbled into Justice *Morose's*, and have made a wonderful Escape from that Lion's Den. But now, my dear *Topknot*, that I have laid hold on you, I swear to never quit, 'till you conduct me to the young Lady, who must be in a dismal Plight, at the Uncertainty of my Fate. — Come along — on the Way, I'll inform you of my Adventure. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Truewit, and Thinkwell, laughing.

True. A better Joke, I never heard.

Think. What Pleasure to see *Floridor* bolt out of the Window!

True. What Pity it is, the Justice was not at home. But let us on to *Tom's* Stand, and enquire what Discovery he has been able to make in this secret Expedition. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Cælia, richly dress'd, is sitting at a Table, with a Music Book before her. Enter Topknot, and Floridor. Cælia rises from the Table, and advances. She, and Floridor, salute.

Topk. I leave you together. And now to my Lover, who is waiting with the Parson, to put a matrimonial Conclusion to our Amours. [*Exit.*]

Flor. Madam, ere I had seen your charming Face,
Imagination, to the utmost, stretch'd,
To form th' Idea of a perfect Maid;
But falls far short of your transcendant Beauty.

By the Lord, she is dumb with Admiration. [*Aside.*]

Cæl. I hope, Sir, your Esteem will be no way lessen'd by the Advances I have made.

Flor. Not at all, Madam; they are very natural.

Cæl. To what Extravagance has Love oft driven our weaker Sex — O *Pasiphae! Ariadne! Phædra!*

Flor. I beseech you, Madam, consider the Difference of
E 2 Objects;

Objects ; 'twas that render'd their Love unhappy. — *Pasiphae*, loved a Bull, Madam, a Bull — *Ariadne*, a drunken Sot, one *Bacchus*, who gave her but very little Comfort ; for, according to nicest Observations in Love Affairs, one Water-drinker, is preferable to ten Wine-bibbers. — *Phadra*, vile Wretch ! wedded to *Theseus*, loved his Son, *Hippolitus* — two such Mortals — Why the Father, was a common Prize-fighter, that ran bullying about in all the Towns of *Greece*. — The Son, a most unlick'd Cub, bred on the Mountains. — Whenever a Lady spoke civil to him, he turn'd his Back to her — a meer Mountaineer, Madam. — But your Choice, can't miss of a general Approbation : Even I myself, congratulate you on your future Happiness.

Cal. On that, I rely, or I should die with Shame ; for, to all, who may censure, I have but this Reply to make, ' Look on the Man, then blame me, if thou canst.'

Flor. Very true, Madam — I am sensible of my little Superiority of Merit, and take all becoming Pains to make it known, which, some envious Blockheads, mistakenly, call Vanity. — A Man, that has a thousand a Year, boasts of it : A Man, six Foot high, glories in his Height. — And, pray, Madam, why shou'd Persons of Wit, and Beauty, like you, and me, be ashamed to proclaim it in Company. By yon Instrument, and Books, I presume, Music is partly the Object of your Study, and, on that Supposition, do humbly beg a Song ; for I look on your Person, Madam, to be a Rendezvous of all Female Perfections.

Cal. As the first Request, I can't refuse.

Flor. [*Aside*] First, or last, what Woman can refuse me any thing ?

Celia sings.

' **D**EAR Colin, prevent my warm Blushes ;
 ' For, how can I speak without Pain ?
 ' My fond Eyes, now tell you their Wishes :
 ' Oh ! do you their Meaning explain.

My

- ' My Passion wou'd lose by Expression,
 ' And, you too, might cruelly blame:
 ' Then do not expect a Confession
 ' Of what is too tender to name.

 ' Since your's is the Province of speaking,
 ' O do not expect it from me.
 ' Our Wishes shou'd be in our keeping,
 ' 'Till you tell us what they shou'd be.
 ' Then quickly, O quickly discover
 ' Does your Heart feel such Tortures as mine.
 ' I need not tell over and over,
 ' What I in my Bosom confine.

Flor. Bravissimo, by the Sisters of *Helicon*. How rapid is the Force of Love, when aided by the Charms of Music!

Enter Topknot.

Topk. I perceive you are mutually charm'd with each other. — You like Miss, Miss likes you. Why defer Happiness, or live asunder a Moment? — Egad, I'll send for the Parson: For I have spoken to a Friend in the Neighbourhood, to have one ready at a Call.

Cel. Oh! Mrs. *Topknot*.

Topk. Oh! Miss *Celia* — Mr. *Floridor* will soon cure you of all those virginal Qualms.

Flor. True, dear *Topknot*. I'm a *Specific* for that Disorder.

Topk. to *Flor.* Ply her home, Sir, while she softens.

Flor. Never fear me, my Dear; I'm sure of her.

Cel. What will the World say? See a Gentleman, for the first Time, and marry him. Oh monstrous!

Flor. That's just the Merit of our Cause. — Let vulgar, frigid Wretches indolently drawl out a Fortnight, or a Month, in fulsome Compliments, and vile Preliminaries. — But, Hearts of Fire, superior Souls! like yours and mine, shou'd, at first Sight, fly congenially together, and thus mingle mutual Rays of Love.

Cel. O! spare me, Sir. — My tottering Resolution

yields. Lord! Mrs. *Topknot*, I thought you spoke of sending for a Parson. — Heavens! what has slipped from my Tongue? I am so confounded, I know not what I say, or do.

Topk. Courage, dear Lady; your Understanding will soon clear up. — But, here comes the Parson, tho' not the same who marry'd me; another, I suppose, he has sent in his stead. Let us go, and receive him. Come, come, give me your Hand, Child.

Cæli. Oh fy! you are a wicked Woman, and wou'd ever have your Way. — What shall I do? Shame cries stay; but stronger Inclination, whispers, go. Don't pull me so. — Lord, how pressing you are! — Nay then, as you will. — My poor Head turns round.

[*Exeunt Topknot, and Cælia.*

Flor. Ha, ha, ha. — Go, my dear stricken Doe, Love's burning Arrows revelling in thy Heart, and fall a willing Sacrifice to Joys unknown before.

O *Cupid, Venus, Hymen*, Graces three!
What a delicious Night is this to be!

[*Exit.*





A C T V.

S C E N E, *The Street.**Enter Truewit.*

TRUEWIT.

THUS far have I penetrated into this mysterious Labyrinth, and am now at its last Winding's End — This is the House — by this Time, the Marriage, is, doubtless, perform'd; for, warm, and unthinking Youth, when lured by the Appearance of a Fortune, is never dilatory on that Article. I'll even in among them, and indulge half an Hour's Spleen. — But, here comes *Floridor*, in the Exuberance of his Heart, Joy smiling on his Face.

*Enter Floridor, singing.**'The Joys of Love, are Joys alone.'*

Ha, *Truewit*! what God has directed you hither? you are the very Man I was going purposely to seek, and that to revenge your late Persecution, and rally you in my Turn; my dear ill-natured Rogue. The golden Stream of *Paeolus* has flown into my Possession. — I'm marry'd — fifteen thousand Pounds only. — Look me full in the Face. An't I an unfortunate Dog? Ha, ha, ha. — Hark you, *Truewit*, where the Devil is your common Sense now? Quit it, quit it, Man, if you have a Mind to do any Good; for it is a meer Drug, by *Jupiter*, and quite unknown among what are call'd pretty Gentlemen, in this Age.

Tru. That's no great Compliment to the Age.*Flor.*

Flor. What's worse, 'tis true — Zounds, Man, hire out that serious Face of yours, and borrow a gay one, if possible ; for you look like an Antidote to Pleasure ; to which darling Goddess, I, from this Moment, consecrate the rest of my Life.

Sings.

Now Fortune has crown'd all my youthful Desires ;
 Since Money can't fail me, and Beauty inspires :
 Life's Farce, in gay Pleasure, I'll merrily pass,
 And laugh at old Time, as he runs out his Glafs.

[*Strikes Truewit on the Shoulder.*

True. I admire you.

Flor. I am admirable, I own, my Dear. — But to shew you I am not of an unforgiving Temper, for all the little Anxieties of Mind, you have so lavish'd on me of late ; as I know they sprung from a friendly Motive, in my Behalf, I sincerely assure you, nothing can give me a greater Pleasure, than if my Fortune, can be any way serviceable to those superior, and rational Talents, of yours, which my serious Moments esteem, tho' the Torrent of youthful Vanity hurries me from their Imitation.

True. I thank you, *Floridor*. But can't I see your Lady ?

Flor. By all Means. — I'll introduce you this Moment.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Flourish.

Flour. Now am I not speculatively marry'd, but have impress'd *Hymen's* great Seal, to render the Bond indissoluble, — left, thro' any Discovery, my Lady should strive to be off. — That my newly acquired, surreptitious Wife, has a Sufficiency to support me, more than I cou'd otherwise expect, I am satisfy'd. — But how dissatisfy'd must she be, when she'll discover, that, instead of an Esquire, I am *Floridor's* quondam Mercury ; his late Valet, and now her Lord — that,
 instead

instead of being an estated Man, of a thousand a Year, she finds my whole Income, to be a Blank. — Fret, she will. — I must administer matrimonial Comfort; which, if slighted, the last Resource is, philosophical Perseverance, and a castigating Arm. — What mighty Things has not good Discipline perform'd! By her Directions, I am to wait in the next Coffee-house, 'till sent for, to be introduced to some Friends she has invited to sup with her; and, for Desert, make an Exhibition of her happy Choice, in me.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to an Apartment.

Cælia, Topknot, and Company, advance to musical Sounds.

Enter Floridor, and Truewit.

Flor. This is the Life I intend to lead, my House shall be that of Gallantry, and over my Gate this Inscription — *Toujours gay — vive la Joy.* Come, Truewit, what think you of a Dance?

True. Pr'ythee, don't be foolish, Boy.

Flor. Fair Goddess of my Heart! one vivifying Kiss from these nectar'd Lips. — For your bright Sake, I curse the Harlot, *Fortune*, that she had not enabled me to stoop to you, instead of being thus rais'd by your generous Hand. — Had I the Mines of *Peru*, and *Mexico*, I wou'd think them happily bestow'd on you.

Cal. And, Sir, what Fortune I have, tho' competent enough, wou'd Heaven had made it more for you; 'tis Merit only, that I wed.

Flor. Wou'd all our Ladies had your way of Thinking! — To the invincible Detriment of ingenious younger Brothers, they wou'd not run so much on Coaches and Six, and large Settlements, except those of Love.

True. Mr. Floridor, you have forgot me.

Flor. Excuse me, Sir, as you behold the Cause; the Deity that occupies yon Shrine of Beauty, so dazzles my Eyes, and elevates my Thoughts, that every mortal, low Affair, is quite effaced. — But now, Sir — Madam, I, in
this

this Gentleman, introduce to you, one of my oldest, but severest Friends.

True. What, is it you, *Calia*? I am glad to see you look so well. — I thought you were gone to *London*, on a trafficking Voyage.

Flor. *London!* trafficking Voyage! what can this mean? Pray, Sir, do you know my Wife?

True. No, not I; but Lord *Free love* does: He has had her in Keeping, six Months, and discharged her last Week, as he set out for *Paris*.

Topk. 'Tis cruel and ungenerous, Mr. *Truewit*, to bring occult Sins to Light, and sow Dissention in the Hearts of the new marry'd Pair, who, in spite of past Failings, may live happily together.

True. As you have introduced me to your Lady, 'tis proper that I present you, to your Aunt, Mrs. *Topknot*, who, whilst you were hunting after a superior Fortune, has grafted her Niece on your small Estate, as a sufficient Recompence for her Favours to another.

Flor. Is it possible? Then this is a most unexpected Catastrophe.

Enter Tom.

Tom. As I ply'd about Mr. *Floridor's* Lodging, some Artists, whom, as they say, he appointed to call on him this Evening, I have directed hither, as to his new Dwelling-Place. — Here they come.

Flor. The Devil you have? thank you for your Kindness.

Enter Pencil.

Penc. Miss *Ramble* is ready to wait on you, for the finishing of your Picture; for my Part, Sir, I never had better Colours.

Flor. Damn your Colours; a pretty Time to talk to a Man of finishing his Picture, when the Rope is about his Neck for Execution.

Enter

Enter Costly.

Costl. Sir, by the Direction of Mr. *Pencil* here, I am come to know in what Taste you'll have your Wedding Coach.

Flor. A Cart, you Son of a Whore.

Cal. My Dear.

Flor. My virtuous Fair.

True. When offer'd by a Lady, why not accept of Happiness?

Flor. Sir, I want none, but what she can give. — Damnation!

True. Had you not kept so ingeniously out of my Way, I might have prevented this Calamity.

Flor. It was somewhat unlucky, I confess. — How my Heart swells, but I'll not give *Truemit* the Triumph to see my Grief.

Enter Thinkwell.

Think. Sir, I come to wish you Joy, and inform you, at the same Time, that I have maturely reflected on your Morning's Offer, a pretty young Lady, with a Trifle of ten thousand Pounds, or so.

Flor. Why, what you say, Sir, is very true; but Charity begins at Home. — Poison and Daggers!

True. Why thus dispirited?

Flor. Dispirited? not at all; 'tis but a sudden Fit of Melancholy, that I am sometimes subject to.

True. You seem moved.

Flor. Not at all, not at all. — Oh! I am like *Hotspur* in the Play, nettled and stung by Pismires, whipt and scourged with Rods.

True. All this Counterfeiting will not do. — Deep rooted Sorrow shews through the thin Disguise.

Think. I am sorry, Sir, on so happy an Occasion, to see you so disturb'd in Mind.

Flor. You mistake me, Gentlemen — will you not allow a Man to be sometimes out of Humour? — How they torment

torment me like a Brace of Fiends, let loose from Hell!

Topk. You see, Mr. *Truewit*, what Agitation your Indiscretion has thrown the young Gentleman into.

True. Your impudent Imposture, Mistress; but it shall cost you dear, to have thus stretch'd the innocent Scheme I employ'd you in, for unhappy *Floridor's* Sake; but you, indeed, have been too fast for me, in thus artfully fixing on him, yon commodious Lady.

Topk. What's past, is past, Sir. — I'll be bail for her future Conduct, and, if officious People do not busy themselves too much, in what concerns them not, I see no Bar to their Happiness.

True. I take that as a civil Hint for me.

Topk. You may take it as you please, Sir. — You, Gentlemen, withdraw. [*To Pencil and Costly.*] [*Exeunt.* And you, step to next Coffee-house, and inform the 'Squire how we are used.

True. I am terribly afraid, Madam, that the next Congè you'll give, will be to my Friend, and me. — But it wou'd be cruel in you, to dismiss us before the Ceremony of throwing the Stocking, Ha, ha, ha.

Think. Ha, ha, ha.

Flor. Infernal Torments are mild to this.

Topk. We are not in a jesting Humour, Sir; and your Behaviour, in this Affair, is so outrageously provoking, that, in spite of all former Respect, I must plainly tell you, Sir, that when People render themselves so disagreeable, their Absence is to be wish'd for; but I have sent for one to justify myself, and Niece.

True. Why, Madam, you are very smart.

Topk. I scorn your Words, Sir.

Flor. Ha — How notably my Aunt talks? — Immediate Light'ning blast her Tongue: Sole Artificer of my Ruin.

Enter Flourish, speaking.

Flour. May Whirlwinds snatch, and bury me in the North Bull's roaring Sands, if I be not instantly revenged
on

on any Scoundrel, that dare reflect upon our House's Honour, or cast a Blemish on my Niece's Fame. — Zounds, *Truemit*, *Thinkwell*, and my Master — what can this Riddle mean?

True. O ho, Madam, you keep a Company of Bravos, and this, I suppose, is their Captain you have sent for.

Think. Sure, Mr. *Floridor*, you will not see us set upon in your own House. —

Flor. Bravos! set upon --- [*going up to Flourish*] why, that is my Scoundrel *Flourish*, with disguised Brows, and a Suit of my Cloaths he made free with this Morning, to go a Caterwauling in.

Topk. Lord! Mr. *Truemit*, how your imprudent Behaviour has distracted the poor Gentleman's Brain, and almost render'd him lunatic; to mistake, for his Man *Flourish*, (an impudent Vagabond I have heard much of, but never seen) Squire *Hummer*, a Gentleman of a thousand a Year, and my Husband. — Well, Heav'n preserve our Senses to us all. —

Flor. Are you really marry'd to that Gentleman?

Topk. Yes, I was really marry'd, to that Gentleman, this Afternoon, have past thro' all the Requisites, and am now his Wife past Reprieve.

Flor. Well, Mrs. *Flourish*, I wish you Joy; as you gave me your Niece — it was civil in you to take the Man: Why this is bite the Biter; Plot, and Counterplot. —

Topk. Husband — Dear — Squire *Hummer*, what say you to all this?

Flor. 'Squire *Hummer* too, a good Name. — Well, *Flourish*, I thank, and forgive thee all thou hast ever done. —

Topk. But, Sir, — that I may no longer continue in this racking Uncertainty; and as it must be known, sooner, or later, tell me sincerely, are you *Flourish*?

Flor. Even so.

Topk. *Floridor*'s Servant.

Flor. Most true.

Topk. You are not 'Squire *Hummer*? —

Flor. Veritably, No.

Topk. No!

Flour. No — I am not 'Squire *Hummer*, but I am a Humming Squire; it is all one in the Greek.

Topk. Was it not Impudence in you to court me?

Flour. Ambition.

Topk. A serving Scoundrel.

Flour. Come, no abusive Words, since thou art now, my not only verbal, but realized Wife, or, by the Privilege of a Husband —

True. Good Mr. *Flourish* moderate your Anger.

Flour. At your Request, Sir, I am calm. — What cou'd the Baggage do better, than assign over the Money she has made by sinister Intrigues, to a Man of Education, great Talents, and small Fortune, as I am?

Topk. Pray, Mr. *Floridor*, is your Uncle *Flourish* often in this Humour.

Think. I hope this Double Marriage will be agreeable to all Parties.

True. I give you Joy, Sir, on your happy Alliance, Ha, ha, ha.

Think. Ha, ha, ha.

Flor. I can bear no longer. — Gentlemen, a Word with you — the Folly I have committed is my own, and mine the Punishment; — It concerneth nonebut me. — Whoever wou'd jestingly comment thereon, must do it with his Sword's Point, in my Blood.

True. The Antidote operates, as I wou'd have it.

Cæl. Husband.

Topk. Nephew.

True. Off, pestilential Harpies.

Cæl. Pray, Uncle *Flourish*, lend your Aid.

Flour. Late Master, but now, Nephew *Floridor*, receive into thy Ears the Balm of Family Advice.

True. and *Think.* Ha, ha, ha.

Flor. Impudent Scoundrel! [*strikes him*] — Earth gape wide, and swallow me from Infamy.

True. Cheer up good *Floridor*, nor seem thus Bankrupt, even in Hope.

Flor. Mock me not, Sir. — Were there any Room for the least glimmering of Hope, I'd overleap all Bounds to court the auspicious Ray.

True.

True. Be not thus dejected; perhaps some Comfort may yet be found.

Flor. Comfort for me! talk of Liberty to Galley Slaves; of Paradise to Souls in Hell; but wretched *Floridor* must never dream of Comfort more.

True. Poor *Floridor*.

Flor. Poor, indeed. — Say, *Truemit*, tho' my Folly deserves your Scorn, in its full Extent — do you not pity me?

True. From my Soul, I do.

Flor. O Torture! Torture! ruin'd for Life! fair Hopes of all my Friends deceived! the Jest of Women! and the Scoff of Boys. — Out Sword, and end at once my Misery, and Shame.

True. Hold, rash Youth, would'st use that Madman's Remedy? From short, and transitory Ills, to fly to endless Woe; thus one Folly is productive of another, 'till they jointly plunge us in eternal Ruin. —

Think. 'Tis Time to undeceive him, lest his Passion hurry him to some new, and desperate Attempt on himself.

True. Now, Madam, you have triumph'd sufficiently methinks. — 'Tis but fair Play, that I enjoy myself in my Turn; so, my very political Lady, to shew that the Joke is not so much on your Side, as you imagine, and that we have outschemed the Schemer — *Thinkwell*, tell her all you know of this Affair.

Think. By the diligent Enquiry of *Truemit's* Servant, *Tom*, we got Wind of the Double-Marriage. The degraded Parson, who marry'd you two in the Tavern, we got over to us, with the prevailing Argument of a Guinea; and borrow'd his divine Cloak for the accomplishing of our Scheme. — Under that Disguise I came — pronounced an odd Kind of marriage Ceremony, which the ardent hurrying Desire, on every Side, made to pass unnoticed.

Flor. Next to upbraiding a Man with his Misfortune, is, to cheat his sickly Eyes with chimerical Visions of getting out of it, which but raises him a Moment, to plunge him deeper in the Gulph of Sorrow. — I pray you, Gentlemen, to sport no more with my Situation.

True.

True. By all that's just, dear *Floridor*, what *Thinkwell* says, is true. —

Think. By Heav'n it is. — So Bride, and Bridegroom, I wish you Joy of your No Marriage.

Topk. The Charm is broke.

Cal. And I undone.

Flor. I begin to breathe. — What? — Is it possible, Mr. *Thinkwell*?

Think. Ay, Mr. 'Scapewell.

Cal. My Goddessship is at an End; the Mask torn off, 'tis Time for me to withdraw, and commence a mourning Bride. So, 'by to, you my Love. Come, Aunt. [*Going.*]

True. Stay, Ladies — To shew my Care extends still farther, — To you, deluded *Gelia*, in Compassion for Lord *Free-love*'s hard Treatment, I make a Present of one hundred Pounds, to throw into Stock with your Aunt; and that, by your future Conduct, you may wear off the Remembrance of what is past.

Cal. Generous Sir!

Flour. Ay, very generous, indeed.

True. And, as for you, *Floridor*, the Discovery of this Deception, has cost *Thinkwell*, and me, no small Pains. — But we shall think all overpaid, if what has happen'd, work any Reformation in you. — For, alas! what new Effort can my Friendship make?

Flor. O! let me bathe you both with Tears of Gratitude, to have thus let me run to the Brink of the Precipice, see all its Horrors! and, when hopeless, restore me to myself again. — It is a God-like Act.

True. If you but change, we are satisfy'd, indeed.

Flor. O *Truewit*, *Thinkwell*, forget my Errors past, the future Conduct of my Life, shall be as you direct. — From what a Scene of Ridicule, and Despair, you have snatch'd me! The Cloud of Folly disappears, and Reason dawns upon me.

Think. You are to me, dear *Floridor*, a living Lecture, that the greatest Advantages of Mind, and Body, when not guided by common Sense, are the certain Harbingers of Vanity.

Flor.

Flor. I stand convicted — and promise a sincere Repentance. — From this Day's Adventure, let each Self-enamour'd Youth, shun my foolish Paths, and learn, that the higheſt Bleſſing, all-bounteous Heaven can grant, is a judicious, a warm, and active Friend.

Flour. Now, Maſter, am I heartily rejoiced at our being no longer a-kin; for what a Houſe ſhou'd we make of it? why, two Wits, in a Family, wou'd be as unnatural, and cauſe as much Admiration in Mankind, as two Suns in the ſame Horizon.

Flor. What, ſtill witty, *Flouriſh*, in ſpite of Matrimony, and Riches?

Flour. Yes, Sir, and ſtill a Politician. — This is the great Secret I told you, this Morning, was betwixt *Topknot*, and me. The whole Courſe of my Amours, Lying, and Canting, I intend to ſpeedily publiſh, in a Romance, entitled, *The fortunate Valet*; to be follow'd by a ſecond Part (if the Printer, and I, can agree about the Price) to be call'd, *Flouriſh in his married State*.

Flor. Now *Flouriſh*, that you are to leave me, do you intend to join with your Wife in Trade, or drive a ſeparate one?

Flour. Sir, I intend to open a Coffee-houſe, which ſhall be call'd, *The Academy of Smarts, and Smartlings*. — There will I teach them not to think ſo much of the Player, and ſo little of the Author, as they now ſhamefully, and ignorantly do; that, to judge adequately of the Performance of the latter, they ought to previously underſtand the Meaning of the former — not to miſtake a Love for new fangled Fopperies; ſauntering at Play-houſes, Concerts, and Aſſemblies, for Taſte; Dulneſs for Judgment; Poſitivenes for Argument; meer Memory, for Learning; Impertinence, for Wit; in ſhort, Sir, I'll ſtrive to convert them, from chattering Apes of Humanity, into the rational State of Man.

True. Flouriſh, I'll give my Vote to conſtitute you, a new Cenſor of the Times, with this Proviſo, that you keep clear of Scurrility.

Enter

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, your Coach waits at the Door. [Exit.

True. Thinkwell, and Floridor, you come with me.

Flour. I bar the Throw.— This is my Wedding Night, and, therefore, humbly entreat, Gentlemen, that you'll do me the Honour to sup with *Jeremy Flourish*, your most obedient, humble, Servant.

True. I like his Humour. — What say you?

Flor. and Think. Agreed.

Flor. Mr. *Truemit's* Donation, I hope, will make this a Night of Joy to us all — none having much room to fret but your *Dulcinea*, *Flourish*, the reanimating of whose good Humour, we leave to you. — To you, Madam, [to Topknot] for Moral to our Play, we can justly apply the Motto of

Knights garter'd. — *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* —

Now that I'm waken'd from my frightful Trance,

Let Music lend her Heart-enliv'ning Sound,

And willing Eccho spread our Mirth around,

As we, in joyous Windings, chearful move,

And, mingling, form sweet Labyrinths of Love.

[A Dance.

The E N D.





THE
EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miss MASON.

*A*H, Ladies! Ladies! in what Times we live,
When Coxcombs boast that they alone can
thrive.

Name any Lady — if they deign to chuse,
Plump, she is their's — what Belle dare them re-
fuse?

Vain Insolence! — to think that WOMAN can
Prefer such Shadows to the real MAN:

Vile, ambling Puppies, curl'd, light, thoughtless
Things,

Meer painted Butterflies, whose Tongues are Stings,
What self-approving Looks! what Lisps! what
Cracks!

What twisted Motion in their swivel Backs!
'Bout that they can't do, what a mighty Fuss!
Poor, middle Beings, 'twixt the Men and Us.

Tell, thro' all Time, whoe'er our Hist'ry writes,
Ours is an Age of new — Hermaphrodites.
What Girl, like them, on her Complexion doats?
Quit, quit the Breeches, sail in Petticoats.

But

*But such a' attack is prostituting Time,
And ev'n debases the low Knack of Rhyme.*

*Bless me! I hear, in Gallery, and Pit,
'Damn the young Minx, impertinent's her Wit.'*

*Peace to ye — Things — Contempt of the Dis-
cerning :*

*But, from our Play, young Maidens take this
Warning :*

*Of Flourishes, and Floridors beware;
True Parts alone should win the virtuous Fair.*

F I N I S.



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